

Blames His Bringing Up

"Society brought me here," said a young man upon his first entrance into jail as a convicted thief. His parents were wealthy, always gave him a good allowance, taught him to do no work, and when reverses came the only alternative he could see was to steal or starve. Perhaps no other kind of peril compares with the perils of idleness and plenty of money. By hard work, by trained efficiency in some useful employment a man will amass wealth, and forthwith in many cases he proceeds to ruin his sons and daughters. He gives them a liberal allowance of money, a thing which he never heard of when he was a boy. With his multiplying thousands pouring in, he allows them to grow up with neither knowledge, experience nor ability in the vital function of earning a living. Moreover there are legions of questionable habits waiting to be adopted, and some of them are mighty likely to be brought into the family. Plenty of money invites to numerous forms of self indulgence. The young fellow grows up efficient in only one accomplishment, that of spending money. He gets his fling, and he flings that fortune of his indulgent Dad's far and wide. If the old gentleman lives long enough to see how things are likely to go, he wisely deposits the boy's fortune in a trusteeship, so that he can only spend the interest. Mr. Carnegie has recently made a remarkable statement. It was like this, that the total abolition of poverty would be a great calamity to the world. All our useful men, he says, come from the ranks of the poor. Poverty is the spur which develops every sort of practical genius. Make everybody rich, and the world would quickly go to the dogs. Where would be the indispensable arts, agriculture, mechanics, architecture, and all the rest which involve toil, if everybody had all the money they wanted? It is proverbial that an opulent family will go to seed in the third or fourth generation, whereas the third or fourth generation of the poor are often rich and powerful. Blessed are the poor, for manhood flourishes in the fields of labor, and opportunity opens at length all her doors. Moreover to the poor the Gospel is preached, and the climax of ultimate blessing is but a step beyond.

How To Reform the Saloons

It is said that some people are born great, and some have greatness thrust upon them. If a successful self introduction into a sudden wideness of fame is an evidence of greatness, then a certain Miss Bumgarten of Connecticut has worthily won the coveted distinction. She has started out to reform the saloons. One is at a loss whether she is ignorant of the size of the job, or whether she possesses that kind of courage which sniffs at

insurmountable obstacles. There is an old academic question, as to what would be the result if an irresistible force should run against an immovable object. About the best solution of the problem is that there would be a general smash, which must be accepted without further explanations. Now the saloon comes about as near being in its moral aspects, an immovable object as anything we can recall. We are not aware of any force in any corner of the universe which is equal to the task of reforming it, and yet this is precisely what Miss Bumgarten proposes to do. But her methods are still more original and striking. The reforming is to be done by the sober and respectable citizens of the community, the deacons, elders, preachers and church goers, who are to frequent the saloons, and make the thing respectable by their influential presence and godly company. They are, it seems, to frown darkly upon swearing, card playing, and what other wickedness breaks loose, and in this way knock off the roughest knots of sin now characteristic of that interesting institution. Incidentally it is hoped that the presence of the respectable citizens in the saloon will prevent excessive drinking, which is a feature that the saloon keeper will contemplate from the standpoint of an athletic pugilist. Wont he be delighted to have the nightly company of gentlemen who will curtail his bar receipts? What he would do for them in quiet and indirect ways would be a plenty. We should think a decent man would enjoy that job, the evil smelling hole, the abounding sights and sounds of utter iniquity, and all the accessories and peculiarities of the drinking den. The bright young woman who proposes this plan might as well mend it by recommending nice women to frequent the saloon, and make it respectable. We must be coming to the time when black can be made white by simply rubbing against it.

Everlasting Life

The old Alchemists spent much time and labor in the vain effort to find the elixir of life, a portion of which taken into the system would checkmate death, and prolong this physical life indefinitely. The trouble with most of these wise old fellows was, that they died young, having been tumbled over by the indescribable concoctions from which they had hoped so much. Their elixirs killed them deadlier than a stone, and long ago the effort was abandoned, it was thought forever. But the world is now startled by the revival of this exploded idea, in a much more scientific form, and with such measure of probability as to awaken at least a vast amount of interest and curiosity. Some scientists in the celebrated Pasteur Institute in Paris have, it is said, discovered a lymph for each organ

of the body to restore it to youthful vigor, with the result that life may be, by careful treatment, almost indefinitely prolonged. Naturally the world will be slow to believe all that is claimed for this discovery until it has been fully tested, and since it will take a hundred years to record a satisfactory test, the benefits of the discovery will be slow to arrive. Some writer questions whether such a lymph, or association of lymphs, possessing such powers, would be an unmixed blessing. He argues that under the present constitution of the world death is a blessing, and that to abolish it and leave men as they are would be a calamity and a curse. We believe he is about half right. Even a good man will sometimes outlive his usefulness.

A Christian Daily

At last the world is to be treated to a Christian daily newspaper, a paper conducted strictly on the principles of Christianity. March 13, 1900, Charles M. Sheldon, author of "In His Steps," or "What Would Jesus Do," will assume entire control of *The Tropic Capital*, in his own home town, and for six issues will run it on a policy dictated by the question, "What Would Jesus Do?" and exemplify his idea of what a Christian newspaper ought to be. This announcement is made the subject of wide comment by the press. There are those whose comments show that it is their conviction that the principles of Christianity have no more to do with the business of a daily newspaper than John J. Ingalls thought the Golden Rule had to do with politics. It is to be regretted that Mr. Sheldon will not remain in control of the paper a sufficient length of time to make the experiment a decisive one. Six weeks would be a great deal more satisfactory to those who believe that it is possible to run a daily newspaper on the policy dictated by the question, "What Would Jesus Do?" During the six days the experiment is not likely to demonstrate anything except the kind of editorials that Mr. Sheldon thinks should be written for a paper conducted on such principles, and probably the kind of news that should be published. To make the experiment a decisive one, Mr. Sheldon should remain in control of the paper at least three months. Whether his principles of selection will be successful in giving to the public a readable newspaper, and make it a financial success, cannot be demonstrated in six days, nor six weeks, nor yet in six months. Nevertheless the public will be in great expectancy as to the outcome of this experiment. If you wish to read this prospective Christian daily newspaper for six successive issues, send 25 cents in stamps and we will see that it is mailed to you regularly each day.